葬送のフリーレン
FRIEREN
Chapter 132 Pursuit
Erm... I'm pretty sure it was around here.
Wait here for a moment.
...Act-ually, come with me after all, Stark.
Why?
Just do it.
Welcome.
What would you like?
Milady, you have a good eye.
This truly seems to be from around the time of the Unified Empire...
It comes with a "specialist's" certificate as well.
I will give you a discount if you buy it now.
Won't you part with it for this much?
Offering only half, Milady, that truly is...
Hey, you plead too, Stark.
Cannot do it.
So me joining you is to help you avoid getting ripped off while you haggle?
Right, then this much.
How stingy...
...You drive a hard bargain. I will have to take lessons from you.
Thank you.
Nay.
Is something the matter?
I'm good at driving a bargain, hmm~?
Mmph
...And so, I have bought it.
This appears to be fake.
うぉ...
It seems we have more junk again.
A return?
You just borrowed this the other day, I believe.
I have urgent business.
Along the lines of having to return home.
...A long trip, you say.
Then it will be a long trip.
Take care out there.
Is that so?
Routine.
I don't believe I ever told you that my home country was in Weise.
Maybe I unintentionally overheard someone discussing it somewhere.
If I may have offended you somehow—
Nay, it's fine.
That happens often.
Your home country is in Lorbeer, and you were rather fervent during a war in the far north, were you not?
I too unintentionally overheard someone discussing it somewhere.
And you fancy divination.
As usual, I expected a "typical day."
It was just now that my divination ended up off the mark.
So, did you divine a pleasant future this morning?
TL: Stella | CL: ThoBong
Before you depart the Imperial Capital, there is something I would like to ask.
Denken.
You're heading to Weise, I take it?
Serie's assassination plot, you say.
I don't have the faintest clue.
I figured you'd say that.
Do you believe such intel would ever reach the hands of someone like I, who bears the stature of a first-class mage whilst being a central figure to the Empire?
I speak of truth.
It's the same reason why I was not provided any intel of the mission from the Continental Magic Association.
Although I've become a mediator between the Empire and the Continental Magic Association, I no longer have deep enough connections to provide details of any conspiracies.
That is my current position in the Empire.
However, I have no regrets with becoming a first-class mage.
In doing so, I was able to regain something I lost long ago.
I'm sorry, Denken.
But I cannot believe you.
No need for apologies.
If I were in your shoes, I would surely not be able to believe me either.
So, there's something I'd like to ask as well.
What will you be having for dessert?
I'm sure it'll help you relax a little.
It is not good to have discernable anxiety during a meeting.
...What is this situation?
The truth is—
Looks like there's no choice then.
Frieren, making wrong judgements is unavoidable.
Besides, I believe even junk has its benefits.
If you take a closer look, this is a fine jar, is it not?
Perhaps it could be used to decorate a room...
Shut up.
Ehh...
...That's impossible.
I made sure to wash it well, so it has a sweet scent...
And don't touch me.
Get lost.
Your hair reeks of blood.
むっ
す...
...What's with her?
Did she always throw such irrational tempers?
That is a furious Frieren-sama venting her anger, which you only encounter once in a decade.
Even for me, this is my second time ever bearing witness.
She is in a state where she could even slay using a figurative knife made of words.
...Then, what should we do?
It would be a good idea not to provoke her any further.
According to what Heiter-sama once said, she should return to normal in about ten minutes, so it should not be an issue.
The amount of time she is furious is rather short relative to how it occurs only once every decade, hmm.
However, that's strictly metaphorical at best.
I have certainly fought enough for my hair to be embedded with the scent of blood.
Both master and pupil seem to be eccentrics, huh...
...It doesn't reek of blood, does it?
...And it seems tasty.
It does have a sweet scent.
All right.
We are getting a refund.
Fern, Stark, come.
It seems you have returned to normal.
Frieren, I do believe we are in the middle of a mission at the moment...
Well I did say that it had nothing to do with me, didn't I?
Nonetheless, well, I am a wee bit curious, so I'll investigate for you in the meanwhile.
All right, it seems everyone is here.
Shall we commence a final review of the mission details?
Master Barkeeper Wolff
Mercenary Schritt
Sister Lore
Father Klematis
Librarian Routine
Liquor Shop Poster Girl Iris
Stallholder Gazelle
Vagrant Walross
Schritt, we're short one person.
It seems Governor Löwe is entrusting us to deal with any nuisances, and to do as we please.
Thus, even if he is not present...
No.
I mean the blacksmith isn't here.
Your elder brother is not here.
Err...
...I forgot about him.
I'll contact him later.
You bloody drunk.
Well, her only redeeming quality is her skill at the sword, after all.
There is no Frieren next week.

I have to stay home everyday to care of my sick mother, so I pass the time translating for fun. Usually only 1-2 people donate per chapter at best, so if you enjoyed this chapter, please kindly consider donating or subscribing monthly at KireiCake.com. All proceeds are used to offset her medical fees and every bit counts. Thank you very much ^^

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